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Kevin



👁 19 ✓ 1 ★ 2

Chapter 1 by James

"No Kevin you can't." If I had gotten a nickel for every time my mom had yelled those four words to me I'd probably be a millionaire by now. But I never did, so I was still just a punk teenager with five whole dollars in my pocket and a disregard for authority rattling around inside of my head. After I had asked my mom if I could go to the movies and then spend the night with Mikey (which was a lie of course; I was going to go get drunk with Mikey and then spend the night at my girlfriend Lisa's house, who's parents were out of town), she met me with her hallmark reaction.

"No Kevin you can't. And that's final." She brushed me off and sent me to throw out the trash, reminding me once again that since my good-for-nothing dad had left me and my sister Susan when I was two, I had responsibility as the only "man" in the house, and since Susan had left for university in the fall on a scholarship, I felt like I was the only real person in the house. My mom spent her days locked up in her room and constantly comparing my actions to my father. She was a ghost - always there but never visible. Except of course when she needed you to do something.

I made my way to the garbage can behind the house and I opened the lid. I stopped. I looked up and saw what my life was - a yard with a black and white striped awning, a black and white striped awning with chipped and faded paint, a black t-shirt with about three holes, a hole with a screwdriver about to fall off, a pair of white Vans that were anything but white.

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I grabbed my bike and raced around the corner, leaving the garbage next to the can. I didn't even care. I knew the way to Mikey's house by heart and before long I was there.

Chapter 2 by Awkward Kangaroo



I walked into Mikey's house like I owned the place, I knew he wouldn't mind. I go to the kitchen and find him there.

"Hey man. You ready to go?"

"Yea just let me grab the booze." He walked out of the kitchen and went to the basement where his parents hid the liquor. I decided to grab a bag of Doritos to munch on since I didn't eat before I left my own house. Mikey comes up a few minutes later with a handful of vodka and scotch, oh and a big dopey smile on his face.

"Dude, we're going to get so wasted tonight."

"I see that." I said with a smirk.

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